Prior to the twentieth century, persons suffering from mental illness were thought to be ‘alienated’, not only from society but from their own true natures. Those experts who studied mental pathologies were therefore known as alienists.
FADE UP:

We’re gliding over the rooftops of New York at night -- looking down on the penthouse gardens of fancy apartments and the crowded pool-side bars of trendy hotels...

Up ahead, we see the neon glow of Times Square. The digital billboards are in constant motion -- an athlete leaps in Nike trainers; a super-model strips off her Levi’s jeans; children of every race smile at us for a Benetton commercial...

AND NOW WE MOVE FASTER, approaching the tenements and water towers of the Lower East Side. The wind rises and the sound of traffic fades. Small white flecks float towards us and we realize it’s snowing...

There’s something unfamiliar about the world now. The city lights seem dimmer, the voices in the streets more strident, and WE’RE GLIDING FASTER all the time...

As a thick gust of snow clears we suddenly see rows of clotheslines dotting the skyline, thousands of garments fluttering in the wind. More billboards appear but they’re from a different era now -- Freeman fancy goods, Mumby Flour and Grain, Waters Pianos...

And finally we see the giant towers of the unfinished Williamsburg bridge looming up ahead and realize we’ve been travelling back in time, over a hundred years --

NEW YORK, 1896

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

It’s still snowing. A crowd streams towards us on the walkway of the unfinished bridge -- LABORERS and other RESIDENTS of the Lower East Side slums. They are mostly men, but there are women too, their faces ashen.

POLICEMEN OFFSCREEN
  Go on, away with you!...Get outta’ here!...

POLICEMEN usher the crowd away from whatever it is they’ve come to see. As they head back, we see a MAN in a top hat and tails walking in the opposite direction, a lone figure moving against the tide.

We follow him from behind as he pushes his way through the crowd, the passing faces glancing at him curiously. A large POLICEMAN steps in his way.
KREIZLER
I’m a doctor.

The policeman lets him pass and finally we see his face. DR. LAZLO KREIZLER is a strikingly handsome man with longish hair and delicate features. He’s dressed for the opera, wearing a white bow-tie and a gardenia in his button-hole.

As he clears the last huddle of policemen the walkway opens up before him...

Thirty yards away, almost where the walkway ends, a PHOTOGRAPHER is crouched under the curtains of his camera, bursts of magnesium flash powder exploding as he takes pictures of something we can’t see.

Kreizler keeps walking, his eyes fixed ahead, the bright flashes lighting up his face intermittently.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

In the golden glow of candlelight, we watch a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN pull off her evening gloves and loosen her long blonde hair so it cascades over her red dress.

JOHN SCHUYLER MOORE is sitting up in bed, sipping a glass of scotch, studying the woman with almost fetishistic interest.

MOORE
Let me look at you.

The woman slowly turns around, smiling at him with her big blue eyes.

WOMAN
My sweet, handsome John...

He is handsome -- square jawed and rugged but with a boyish innocence about him too.

MOORE
They say when a woman’s talking to you listen to what she says with her eyes.

WOMAN
What jealous old man said that?

She laughs gently, fixing him with her coy gaze.

MOORE
Take off your dress.
The woman looks surprised now, staring at him curiously, then reaches behind her back and undoes the clasps of her dress, letting it fall around her ankles.

Moore stares at her in her pink sateen corset and her open crotch drawers.

MOORE
Do you love me, Julia?

WOMAN
Of course I do.

MOORE
You’d never leave me?

She hesitates, just for an instant, and Moore feels a frisson of doubt and excitement.

WOMAN
How can you ask such a -

MOORE
Sit down.

She pauses, then sits on the edge of the bed with her back to him. He finishes his scotch, puts the glass on the bedside table, then reaches over and starts to unlace her corset.

MOORE
Where were you this evening?

He can’t see her face but he hears the tremor in her voice.

WOMAN
At Mrs Astor’s house.

MOORE
Was James there?

He slips off her corset, kissing the goosebumps on her flesh.

WOMAN
I don’t remember.

His hands move round and cup her breasts, gently pulling her back onto the bed. He slides on top of her, gazing into her eyes as his fingers reach inside the folds of her drawers.

MOORE
How can you not remember, my love?
She stares up at him, tears of guilt welling in her eyes. Unbuttoning himself, he enters her, groaning in mistrust and pleasure.

**MOORE**

Tell me the truth.

And now her beautiful eyes shine with tears.

**WOMAN**

I’m in love with him.

Moore stares back at her, heartbroken and betrayed, thrusting deeper --

When suddenly there’s a knock on the door and a huge barrel of a **WOMAN** bursts into the room.

**TEN TONNE ANNIE**

Sorry to interrupt, sir, but there’s a young laddie here to see ya, says it’s important.

Moore covers himself with the sheets but Ten Tonne Annie couldn’t care less about his manhood, turning to the whore he’s in bed with.

**TEN TONNE ANNIE**

Flora, get your clothes on. I need the room.

The girl wipes away her false tears and her vagina with a rag and we realize she’s been role-playing all along.

**INT. BROTHEL/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.**

Moore follows Ten Tonne Annie through the whorehouse. It’s a busy night, **PROSTITUTES** dressed in everything from ‘Mother Hubbard’ negligees to Geisha outfits leading their well-to-do **CLIENTS** up the stairs. An **UNDERAGE GIRL**, no more than 12, winks at Moore on his way down.

**UNDERAGE WHORE**

Sure you don’t wanna stay and go again?

She reaches for his hand but he pulls it away gently, hurrying down the steps. In the downstairs bar, a dozen **BEAUTIFUL GIRLS** in see-through negligees leapfrog over each other to loud applause, collapsing in a heap of bare legs and exposed flesh.
EXT. BROTHEL/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Moore steps out into the falling snow to find a tough looking young boy of 15, (STEVIE TAGGART), standing in the red glow of the brothel lights, waiting for him. The boy’s face glistens with sweat and even in the darkness it’s clear he’s been frightened by something.

Moore stares at him curiously.

MOORE

What can’t wait, Stevie?

EXT. CARRIAGE/ DELANCEY STREET/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Stevie cracks his whip, hurrying his horse and carriage past the saloons and brothels of Delancey Street.

Moore grips the side of the Calash, sobering up quickly in the falling snow.

The slums of the Lower East Side soon give way to an eerie landscape of deep pits and rubble -- a vast construction site. The road becomes a ramp, a maze of steel supports lifting it up towards the snow-filled sky.

Moore braces himself as the carriage clatters over the wooden boards, climbing higher and higher until it approaches what looks like an enormous temple with two squat watch towers...

Rising high above the structure is the looming shadow of the unfinished Williamsburg bridge.

A GROUP OF FIGURES are huddled around their lanterns at the entrance to one of the watch towers, looking like demons from hell. It’s only as the carriage draws nearer that Moore sees they’re PATROLMEN with their leather helmets and nightsticks.

Stevie finally brings the carriage to a halt --

EXT. WATCH TOWER ENTRANCE/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT.

The cops stare at Moore and Stevie as they approach. A tall, red-headed Irishman with a thin moustache, (DETECTIVE SERGEANT CONNOR), recognizes Stevie and strolls over with a wry smile.

SERGEANT CONNOR

Well, if it isn’t little Stevie Taggart. You picked the wrong bridge to bring your cock-robin for a frolic, you little shit.
His men laugh.

MOORE
Pay no attention, Stevie. Stupidity goes with the leather helmet.

Conner’s smile grows even wider as he recognizes Moore.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Good heavens, Mr. Moore...and I’d have sworn you were a ladies man.

Ignoring the policeman, Stevie points to the unfinished bridge high above.

STEVIE
He says you’re to go up there.

Connor steps in their way with another smile.

SERGEANT CONNOR
I’m afraid you’ll need a ticket for the show.

Moore holds his gaze, then pulls out a two dollar bill and puts it under Connor’s hat.

MOORE
You’ll be richer than PT Barnum soon, Sergeant.

Connor takes the bribe and pockets it, stepping aside in mock deference.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Right this way, sir.

Moore turns to Stevie.

MOORE
Come on.

But Stevie shakes his head, staying where he is.

STEVIE
I seen it once.

Again Moore sees the look of dread in his eyes. Connor grins, taking one last look at the boy as he leads the way.
SERGEANT CONNOR
Mind you behave, Stevie, or I’ll have you back on Randall’s island tugging a cock-line.

INT. STEPS/ WORKROOM/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE – NIGHT.

Moore almost stumbles on the steep steps. He follows Connor along a precarious slat, into a workroom littered with sawhorses and planks of wood. Wide windows reveal a panorama of New York from every direction.

INT. WALKWAY/ WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE – NIGHT.

Stepping out into the bitter cold, Moore is even more dazzled by the view...

Rising high above him is the Manhattan-side tower of the bridge, shrouded in mist and snow. Across the open stretch of water he can just make out the matching tower on the Williamsburg shore.

He peers up at the huge steel cables when he hears a booming voice.

MAN’S VOICE O/S
Stand up straight, man! There’s no shame in it!

Through the fog he sees a group of broad shouldered POLICEMEN surrounding a smaller man dressed in a bright pink shirt, checked suit and black cape, carrying a cane in his hand.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, New York’s police commissioner, is tending to a policeman who looks like he’s just fainted. He gives the cop some water to drink from a flask, then pours the rest of it over his head.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
That better?

POLICEMAN
Yes sir, Mr. Roosevelt.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
(Holding up his hand)
How many fingers?

POLICEMAN
Three, sir.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
You sure?
The policeman nods.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Good. Now go back down and stick your head in a horse trough. Dizzy spells are for well-bred ladies, not officers of the New York police department.

The admonishment is accompanied by a clap on the back. Roosevelt starts to steer the sick policeman back to the watch-tower when he sees Moore standing there with Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
What the hell are you doing here?

He sounds more surprised than angry. Moore smiles at his old friend.

MOORE
It’s good to see you too, T.R.

Roosevelt strides over now and rounds on Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I gave your men strict instructions not to allow any reporters up here -

MOORE
Kreizler sent for me.

Roosevelt is surprised by this too, and uncharacteristically quiet, clearly unsettled by something.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
He’s gone, left before I arrived...

He trails off, holding Moore’s gaze uncomfortably, then takes his friend gently by the arm.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I can’t have any wild tales spreading, Johnnie, do you understand? People are worried enough about their safety as it is.

Moore nods, even though he has no idea what Roosevelt’s talking about.

Roosevelt considers him a moment, then lets go of his arm and leads the way.
Moore stares after him curiously, then follows him and Connor across the icy bridge.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
What took you so long, Sergeant? I
sent for you over an hour ago...

SERGEANT CONNOR
Just gathering information, sir...

They approach the huddle of POLICEMEN. Moore glances at their faces, sensing how shaken they are by what they’ve seen...

He looks away, walking on with a growing sense of unease, the snow falling and the river churning hundreds of feet below...

Then he sees it...

He’s surprised at first by how peaceful it looks...

A SMALL FIGURE kneels against the railings of the unfinished bridge, its long, snow-flecked hair blowing in the wind...

The figure’s head is bowed, either in prayer or in contemplation of the river below. Her damp chemise puffs up in the wind but otherwise she’s perfectly still...

Too still. Almost frozen...

And now Moore sees that her wrists are tied behind her back -- and that one of her hands has been chopped off --

The unexpected sight of a bloody stump sends a jolt through him and he stops in his tracks.

He realizes he’s staring at a corpse now, a single sock hanging pathetically from the victim’s foot.

The wind picks up and the figure’s hair blows about, revealing glimpses of ‘her’ face. Her icy cheeks are painted like a woman’s but her features are that of a teenage boy.

Enjoying Moore’s growing confusion, Sergeant Connor lowers his lantern so the light catches the victim’s body --

Underneath the thin chemise Moore catches a glimpse of entrails and gore --

He spins away instantly, grabbing the rails of the walkway, retching over the edge of the bridge.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Easy now, Johnnie. Breathe deeply.
It’s just guts...

Roosevelt slips a reassuring arm around him and slowly Moore recovers.

He stares at the churning water below then nods as if to say he’s alright, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief.

Sergeant Conner squats down now and gently turns the murdered boy’s frozen face towards them...

Moore bites his lip as he sees the victim’s bloody eye-holes.

CONNOR
...‘And the eye that mocks the father will be plucked by ravens’.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
(Correcting him)
Blackbirds, Sergeant.

Connor smiles, examining the boy’s ghastly wounds in the glow of his lantern.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Either way, somebody’s done for you, young Giorgio. You’re a hell of a mess.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
You know the child?

SERGEANT CONNOR
It wasn’t much of a child. Not this one.

Moore stares at the make-up on the murdered boy’s face and the deep red gash where his throat has been cut to the bone. A drop of snot has turned into an icicle on his lip.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Giorgio Santorelli. Worked out of Paresis Hall though it was known as Gloria there.

Moore looks up at the policeman bitterly.

MOORE
Why do you call him ‘it’?
SERGEANT CONNOR
What would you call it? Weren’t no male, not to judge by its antics, but God didn’t create it female either -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Whatever else, the boy was a child and the child was murdered.

SERGEANT CONNOR
(With an ironic smile)
No arguing that, sir -

Roosevelt slams his cane violently against the rails, startling Connor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
If I want your wit I’ll ask for it. In the meantime show some respect or I’ll shut your mouth.

Conner says nothing now, taken aback by Roosevelt’s threat.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
You said he worked out of Paresis hall, that’s Biff Ellison’s establishment, isn’t it?

SERGEANT CONNOR
That’s right, sir.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Tell Ellison I want him at Mulberry Street first thing in the morning.

For the first time Connor looks concerned.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Begging your pardon, Commissioner, but you don’t go summoning a man like Mr. Ellison just because some little piece of immigrant trash gets what’s coming to it -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
(Red-faced)
Ellison in my office tomorrow or your badge on my desk.

Moore watches them, the tension palpable. Connor looks like he wants to snap Roosevelt’s neck but the smaller man is fearless, refusing to be intimidated.
SERGEANT CONNOR
Whatever you say, Mr. Commissioner.

He gives the two friends an insolent smile then heads back to the watch tower, murmuring to the other cops loud enough for Roosevelt to hear.

SERGEANT CONNOR
Little fat man, damned society boy playing at cop. I wager he won’t last another month.

Roosevelt turns as if he’s heard him.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
The fat man can hear you just fine, Sergeant, and I’ll take that wager when you’ve got a pot to piss in!

Moore can’t help smiling at his friend’s sharp retort.

MOORE
You might want to keep that temper in check, T.R. You’ve got enough enemies as it is.

Roosevelt looks back at him quietly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I’m sick of it. Dozens of people are murdered in these neighborhoods every year and no-one gives a damn. Not unless there’s some profit in it for them. I’ve no illusions but when the victims are children like this, by God, I get to feeling warlike with my own people.

For all his bluster he clearly cares passionately, and feels deeply, looking back at the butchered boy.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
What kind of devil could do a thing like this...

Moore watches Giorgio Santorelli’s long hair and blood soaked chemise blowing in the wind.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Did Lazlo tell you what he wanted?
MOORE
He didn’t tell me anything. He just told me to come here.

Roosevelt shakes his head.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
As inscrutable as any oriental, our friend Kreizler...

He stares at the mutilated corpse then finally turns away. Moore takes one last look at Giorgio Santorelli’s body...

The murdered boy kneels in supplication, the falling snow settling on his long hair and blood soaked dress.

INT. DINING ROOM/ MRS MOORE’S HOUSE/ WASHINGTON SQUARE - DAY.

A sparkling knife spreads a dollop of marmalade on a piece of toast. A silver haired matron, MRS MOORE, sits at a lavish breakfast table, wearing a quilted dressing gown. She takes a bite of her toast then looks up as MOORE enters the dining room in a flamboyant Chinese robe.

MOORE
Good morning, Gran.

He kisses his grandmother on the top of her head then walks over to his own side of the long table.

Mrs Moore watches him disapprovingly as he glances through the morning edition of the New York Times.

MRS MOORE
You came home very late last night?

MOORE
I had some business with Dr. Kreizler.

His grandmother looks even more disapproving.

MRS MOORE
If you ask me he’s awfully peculiar. And as for his being a doctor I’m not convinced. These days any quack can give himself a title. There’s dozens of them in your newspaper -- Doctor so and so recommends Laird’s bloom of youth, Professor this and that counsels Princess Bust Cream. Are you reading the wedding announcements?
Moore looks up at her in fond exasperation.

MOORE
No, Gran, I’m looking for an article I wrote over a week ago that still hasn’t been printed.

MRS MOORE
What was it about?

MOORE
A tenement building in the Five Points collapsed. Half a dozen people were buried alive.

He’s deliberately provocative but it’s like water off a duck’s back. Mrs Moore returns to her marmalade and toast.

MRS MOORE
Everyone knows the poor have a hard lot, I don’t see why you have to write about it.

Moore can’t help smiling.

MOORE
Nor does my editor, Gran -

He’s interrupted as the telephone bell shrills loudly from next door. Mrs Moore winces irritably, still not used to the contraption.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX/ MRS MOORE’S HOUSE - DAY.

Moore picks up the large black receiver in the little wooden phone box.

MOORE
Hello?

For all his frustration he can’t help looking pleased at the sound of his friend’s voice.

MOORE
Where the hell did you disappear last night?...Yes, I saw it...I don’t mean to sound callous but a murder in the Lower East Side is hardly headline news, especially not in the Times -

He pauses as he’s interrupted.
MOORE
More to it, how?

Whatever the answer is, it only leaves him more puzzled and curious.

MOORE
I’ll be there as soon as I can.

EXT. BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM/ NEW YORK - DAY.

A deluge of rain. Moore climbs out of a carriage and pays the DRIVER. As he hoists up his umbrella he sees a black hospital wagon pull up outside the gates of a sinister pavilion. Two BURLY ATTENDANTS help a WOMAN out the back. She’d look like a schoolteacher if it wasn’t for her severe facial tics and the way she swipes the air in front of her with her hand.

Moore watches her uneasily as he approaches the same building. From inside he can hear the sound of a siren wailing over the rumble of thunder.

INT. WAITING ROOM/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

The unsettling wail of the siren is even louder inside the asylum’s waiting room. Added to it are the tormented cries of unseen mental patients behind thick metal doors.

In the midst of all the hubbub, Moore sees a figure sitting behind a newspaper, reading serenely as if he were in the silence of a library.

Sitting next to the figure is an enormous black man, (CYRUS MONTROSE), who also seems oblivious to the noise. Cyrus spots Moore approaching and nudges his companion.

Dr. Lazlo Kreizler finally lowers his newspaper, looking up at Moore with a beaming smile.

KREIZLER
John!

The alienist is dressed in a beautiful suit and cravat, clearly delighted to see his friend. With another cheerful smile he gets up and offers Moore his newspaper.

KREIZLER
I’m somewhat irritated by your employers. Last night I saw a brilliant Pagliacci at the Metropolitan and all the Times can talk about is Alvary’s Tristan.
MOORE
(Over the din of the siren)
I thought you were on the Williamsburg bridge last night.

KREIZLER
That was later. You look tired.

MOORE
I can’t imagine why, Lazlo. You said you had something for me?

KREIZLER
Of course. Page 2.

Moore shakes his head at his friend’s cryptic answer and opens the newspaper to page 2.

MOORE
(Reading the headline)
“Bicycling elephants at Procter’s theatre”?

KREIZLER
Be serious, man -- “Friend shoots father dead over 8-year old girl.”

Moore looks at the smaller article below, still baffled.

KREIZLER
The boy on the bridge. The police have a suspect.

Moore looks up in surprise. The siren finally stops and for the first time Kreizler indicates he’s even heard it.

KREIZLER
That’s better. Shall we?

INT. WOMEN’S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

Haunting cries echo down a long corridor with cells on either side. Moore follows Kreizler and the chief orderly, (FULLER), his eyes drawn to his friend’s underdeveloped left arm, a disability Kreizler hides discreetly with years of practice.

ORDERLY (FULLER)
I’m sorry to keep you waiting, Doctor. I wasn’t told you were interviewing the suspect.
KREIZLER
Don’t worry, Mr. Fuller, I only just found out myself.

Moore glances at his friend, wondering if he really is here officially. As they continue, the sobbing and wailing grow louder. Through the cell bars Moore glimpses shadowy figures skulking in the darkness of their cages...

One PATIENT looks like a statue, straitjacketed to the walls of her cell. Another lies flat in a ‘Utica crib’, a restraining bed with bars on all four sides. A THIRD PATIENT, her head shaven, is held down by two ORDERLIES while a PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of her terror --

Suddenly a shrieking figure comes hurtling towards Moore, pressing her face against the bars of her cell --

FEMALE MENTAL PATIENT
Dr. Kreizler, help me, please!

Moore is startled but Kreizler doesn’t even flinch. The woman’s plaintive cry is instantly echoed by dozens of female voices along the corridor.

FEMALE MENTAL PATIENTS
Help us, Doctor! Help us! Save us!

The whole corridor becomes a chorus of desperation. Kreizler keeps walking, but Moore sees that his eyes are lowered, taking in every heartrending cry even as he ignores it.

INT. CELLS/ MEN’S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

The angry cries in the men’s corridor are more abusive but all Moore can see of the patients are their blazing eyes glaring at him through the observation slits of their cells. Ignoring the din, the orderly unlocks a cell door for Kreizler and Moore.

INT. WOLFF’S CELL/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

It’s dark inside the cell, thin slivers of light streaming through a single barred window.

As his eyes adjust to the gloom, Moore sees a tall, bony figure lying on a cot with his back to them, shackles clamped around his wrists and ankles.

The man hears them and stirs, sitting up slowly. HENRY WOLFF looks like a vagrant, his gaunt face covered in a filthy beard, his unkempt hair matted with dirt and blood.
His face is cut and bruised from a beating but it’s his eyes
Moore is drawn to -- black as pitch.

Kreizler seems fascinated by the suspect too, studying him
intently. Fuller talks about him as if he wasn’t there.

FULLER
He was drinking with his friend,
Conrad Rudesheimer, last night.
Rudesheimer accused him of having
indecent thoughts about his
daughter so he stabbed him twenty
times. Cops found him hiding near
the Williamsburg bridge.

KREIZLER
And that’s why they assume he
killed the Santorelli boy?

FULLER
He’s a known deviant. He couldn’t
have his way with the little girl
so he looked elsewhere.

Wolff says nothing, staring at Kreizler. Moore takes out his
notebook, ready to jot down notes.

KREIZLER
Are you sober, Mr. Wolff?

There isn’t the slightest reaction from Wolff.

KREIZLER
My name is Dr. Kreizler. I work as
an alienist for the court. My job
is to determine whether you’re
mentally responsible for your
crimes and fit to stand trial.

There’s still no response.

KREIZLER
Has he been drugged?

FULLER
He was raving when they brought him
in so we had to jab him full of
chloral.

Kreizler sighs in frustration, approaching the suspect. Moore
raises his pen to write when Wolff looks straight at him.

Moore holds his gaze uncomfortably, then lowers his pen.
Kreizler observes Wolff closely -- his melancholy expression; the way he squints to see better in the gloom; the way his tongue unconsciously wets his lips. The alienist waves his hand gently on the edge of the suspect’s field of vision but Wolff doesn’t appear to notice.

KREIZLER
I was told you came here from Switzerland, Mr. Wolff...
(Switching to German)
How long ago was that?

To Moore’s relief, Wolff finally looks away from him, surprised by Kreizler’s perfect German.

KREIZLER
Could you raise your head, please.

Wolff looks even more confused, but responds for the first time, raising his face slowly towards the shaft of light.

Kreizler sees the ring of discoloration under his left eye more clearly now.

KREIZLER
(In German)
Did you repair watches or clocks?

Wolff stares at him incredulously, as if he’s some kind of devil, then finally speaks in a hoarse voice.

WOLFF
(In German)
Both.

KREIZLER
(In German)
And you stopped because of your eye-sight?

Moore can’t understand what they’re saying but he’s fascinated by the way his friend draws the suspect out.

WOLFF
(In German)
When I moved here I had to work from my room. There wasn’t enough light. I ruined my cornea.

The attendant, Fuller, doesn’t understand a word either but interjects anyway.
FULLER
Whatever he’s saying he’s lying.
All the neighbors swear he was
always looking funny at their kids.

Kreizler ignores him, focussed on the suspect.

KREIZLER
(In German)
What did you do after you lost your job?

Wolff lowers his head and Kreizler notices his fingers clasp
a small crucifix around his neck.

WOLFF
(In German)
I drank.

KREIZLER
(In German)
With Conrad Rudesheimer?

Wolff pauses, glancing at Moore again, then nods.

KREIZLER
(In German)
Was his daughter there when the two
of you got drunk?

Wolff looks back at Kreizler warily, sensing where the
question is leading.

WOLFF
(In German)
She was just a child. I never
touched her.

KREIZLER
(In German)
But her father thought you did?

Wolff holds his gaze, his eyes shining in the dim light.
Moore looks on, fascinated.

KREIZLER
(In German)
What happened, Henry?

Kreizler sees Wolff’s eyes drifting back to Moore now,
staring at him quietly.
WOLFF
(In German)
I was showing her a magic trick,
pulling a coin from behind her ear.
He called me a pervert and almost
beat me to death. I left and
returned with a knife.

Wolff keeps staring at Moore, sending a shiver down his spine.

KREIZLER
(In German)
You keep looking at my friend,
Henry? Does he look like Conrad?

The question seems to catch Wolff by surprise. He looks away from Moore, flustered, his long tapered fingers clutching the edge of the cot.

KREIZLER
(In German)
The papers say Conrad was a big man too -- and extremely handsome?...

Wolff holds Kreizler’s gaze, trembling, then lowers his eyes, staring at the floor...

Moore has no idea what’s going on...

Kreizler studies Wolff’s face and the tiny crucifix hanging around his neck then finally turns away.

KREIZLER
Thank you, Mr. Fuller. That will be all.

Moore looks at his friend in surprise, no idea why he’s ended the interview so abruptly.

INT. CELL DOOR/ MEN’S CORRIDOR/ BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

Moore and Kreizler head back down the corridor as Fuller locks Wolff’s cell door.

KREIZLER
I believe we can dismiss him as a suspect.

Moore stares at him in confusion.

MOORE
On what grounds?
KREIZLER
Didn’t you see the way he looked at you?

Moore looks even more puzzled.

KREIZLER
He was in love with the father not the daughter, only he won’t admit it because of his faith.

MOORE
(Blushing as he finally understands)
Giorgio Santorelli was male too.

KREIZLER
But not his type.

MOORE
His type? He stabbed a man twenty times, he’s a madman -

KREIZLER
Oh, we want him to be mad. The doctors, the judges, the newspapers. We’d like to think only a maniac would stab another man in a frenzy over unrequited love. It’s easier than admitting he’s not that different to the rest of us.

MOORE
He’s nothing like me -

KREIZLER
Really? Which of us has never known the madness of love?

He continues before Moore can protest.

KREIZLER
Whoever killed Giorgio Santorelli had entirely different motives.

EXT. BELLEVUE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY.

It’s pouring with rain outside. Cyrus, Kreizler’s valet, pulls a cover over the calash.

KREIZLER
300 Mulberry Street, please, Cyrus.
He’s about to climb in when Moore grabs his arm.

MOORE
What’s going on, Lazlo?

KREIZLER
We must let Roosevelt know -

MOORE
Did anyone even ask you to interview him?

From Kreizler’s silence it’s clear they didn’t.

KREIZLER
It makes no difference, John. They have the wrong man.

Moore stares at his friend in the pouring rain.

MOORE
Then who’s the right man?

KREIZLER
I wish I knew.

Moore isn’t satisfied.

MOORE
You summoned me to the bridge last night and asked me here -- why?

The raindrops stream down Kreizler’s face but he hardly seems to notice.

KREIZLER
Because other than you and perhaps Roosevelt nobody will listen to me. And you have more freedom to investigate than I do.

MOORE
Investigate what?

The rain keeps falling.

KREIZLER
I promise you a story, John, just not yet.

He sounds completely sincere. Moore stares back at him with a mixture of affection and frustration, then finally steps into the carriage.
INT. CARRIAGE/ BROADWAY - DAY.

The rain hammers on the roof of the calash. Moore stares out at the busy street when he sees a PRETTY WOMAN in a red dress sheltering under an awning. He watches her with a hint of regret as the calash drives on. Kreizler studies his friend, noting the way he rubs the palm of his hand on his trousers.

    KREIZLER
    Have you seen her?

Moore turns curiously.

    MOORE
    Who?

    KREIZLER
    Julia.

Moore pauses, surprised that he’s read his mind.

    MOORE
    No.

    KREIZLER
    Have you heard any news?

    MOORE
    Apparently she’s to be engaged.

Kreizler looks at him in sympathy.

    KREIZLER
    I’m sorry.

Moore shrugs.

    MOORE
    I’ll recover.

    KREIZLER
    I’m no expert in love but I can prescribe some pills if it helps.

    MOORE
    No, thank you. Even I don’t trust an alienist.

Kreizler smiles gently, then turns away.

    KREIZLER
    We must be active, John. It’s the only way to fight the darkness.
EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET - DAY.

The bend on Mulberry street is teeming with people of every race and creed and wherever we look there are CHILDREN -- begging; hawking; pushing handcarts; chewing tobacco and swigging beer on litter strewn stoops.

From the balconies of the brothels, WHORES in various states of undress watch the comings and goings in the police station opposite through their looking glasses.

Moore and Kreizler approach the same building, keeping their heads down, when they hear someone whistle after them --

From a small building behind them - the reporters shack facing police headquarters - two figures come dashing out, hurrying through the crowds to reach them. The younger reporter, LINC STEFFENS, gets there first --

STEFFENS
Dr. Kreizler! John! -

MOORE
(Without breaking stride)
Morning, Steffens -

STEFFENS
Is it true what they’re saying about the boy on the bridge? We heard he was cut to ribbons -

MOORE
What boy? I had my pocket picked. I’m here to report a crime.

Steffens’s overweight companion, JACOB RIIS, arrives too, huffing and puffing in his thick Danish accent.

RIIS
Don’t play stupid, Moore. You saw the body and so did Kreizler.

MOORE
Good morning, Mr. Riis.

Kreizler ignores the two reporters, walking faster.

STEFFENS
Come on, John, just because the Times doesn’t believe pederasts and boy-whores exist doesn’t mean the rest of us should sweep it under the carpet.
MOORE
I want to know what’s going on as much as you do, Linc –

RIIS
Then give us the details. We already know it was that child molester, Wolff.

Kreizler stops suddenly, spinning round.

KREIZLER
Who told you that?

Riis looks taken aback by his intense gaze.

RIIS
Sergeant Connor –

KREIZLER
The two cases have nothing to do with each other, do you understand? You’re not to spread these lies!

Kreizler stares at Riis firmly then strides off again.

RIIS
That man’s attitude won’t win him any admirers.

Moore watches Kreizler disappear into the police station, equally surprised by his outburst.

INT. CORRIDOR/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET – DAY.

Kreizler and Moore head down a long corridor bustling with activity. POLICEMEN and CLERKS hurry in and out of their offices while telephone bells shrill.

MOORE
What was all that about?

KREIZLER
He reads the newspapers too.

MOORE
Who?

Kreizler doesn’t reply, glancing into an open office door where Sergeant Connor sits on a desktop, regaling a group of FELLOW OFFICERS with a lewd story. Their eyes meet briefly before Kreizler strides on.
Moore’s about to question him further when a stern voice interrupts.

WOMAN’S VOICE O/S
The reporters’ poker game is across
the street, Mr. Moore, you should
know that by now.

Moore turns to see a young woman in a long dress standing at
the telegram room door, grinning at him. Even though SARA
HOWARD dresses primly there’s no hiding her beauty.

SARA
We haven’t seen you around in a
while, John.

Moore’s face lights up at the sight of her, but before he can
respond he sees her gaze shift, looking at Kreizler now.

MOORE
Sara, this is Dr. Lazlo Kreizler.
Lazlo, Miss Sara Howard.

Even in that instant, Moore catches the flicker of interest
in Sara’s eyes.

SARA
It’s a pleasure to meet you, Dr.
Kreizler. I’ve heard a great deal
about you.

She holds out her hand confidently. Kreizler takes a moment
to notice it, surprisingly shy under her admiring gaze.

KREIZLER
It’s a pleasure to meet you too,
Miss Howard.

Moore interrupts the lingering look between them.

MOORE
Lazlo, Roosevelt and I were best
friends at Harvard. And I’ve known
Sara since she was a little girl –

He’s interrupted as a GRUFF POLICEMAN emerges from the
telegram room with a stack of telegrams.

GRUFF POLICEMAN
Can you give these to the
Commissioner, missie.

Sara completely ignores him, still beaming at Kreizler.
SARA
John’s being a gentleman and making me sound younger than I am. He was fourteen and I was nine –

GRUFF POLICEMAN
Miss Howard.

And now Sara turns around.

SARA
Forgive me, Sergeant. I didn’t realize you were speaking to me.

She says it with a sweet smile but it’s clearly a rebuke.

GRUFF POLICEMAN
Can you make sure Commissioner Roosevelt gets these.

Sara takes the telegrams and starts to look through them.

GRUFF POLICEMAN
They’re for his eyes only, miss.

The put down is deliberate. Moore feels Sara smarting as the policeman heads off.

KREIZLER
I read in the papers you’re the first woman to be hired by the police department, Miss Howard. Congratulations.

Sara looks surprised by the compliment. So does Moore.

SARA
I’m just a secretary.

KREIZLER
But you’re in the building. A few years ago even that would have been impossible.

Sara looks even more flattered by his words. Moore notices her reaction, feeling a slight pang of jealousy.

MOORE
We’re here to see Roosevelt, Sara.
INT. ROOSEVELT’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS – DAY.

The police commissioner’s office is crammed with books and decorated with stuffed birds of every species. Roosevelt is bent over his enormous desk, opening and closing his drawers as a huge bull of a man in a garish suit and tasteless cravat harangues him --

BIFF ELLISON
Our graft paid for this building, commissioner, and lined the pockets of your men!...

The pug-faced gangland bruiser, BIFF ELLISON, trails off, no idea what Roosevelt’s doing, then continues --

BIFF ELLISON
And in return you drag us here like common criminals when your killer’s already behind bars!

Roosevelt finally looks up.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Eight drawers and not a single pen. Do you have one, Mr. Ellison?

The thug looks confused, disarmed by Roosevelt’s unruffled manner. His boss, the far slicker gang boss, PAUL KELLY, takes out a beautiful fountain pen from the inside pocket of his satin lined suit and offers it to Roosevelt.

PAUL KELLY
Commissioner.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Thank you, Mr. Kelly.

Roosevelt takes the pen, sits back down at his desk and starts signing some documents, ignoring the gangsters. Paul Kelly coughs gently, trying to sound reasonable.

PAUL KELLY
I think what Mr. Ellison is trying to say is that we’ve always enjoyed an understanding with the police. In fact, if we were to invite you to his place of work you’d find a great many of your colleagues there, even some of your bosses.

Roosevelt peers up through his rimless glasses.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
How much are you worth?

Paul Kelly looks thrown by the question.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
After all the profits from your pandering, gambling and intimidation how much are you worth?

PAUL KELLY
A great deal, commissioner.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Well, I’m worth more.

He stares at the gangster coolly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I’m too rich to care about my career and I will battle my bosses if they betray the trust of this city. A child is dead. A child who worked in your house of ill repute, Mr. Ellison. Whatever else, you were responsible for his safety -

BIFF ELLISON
If I was responsible for every mutt who sold his cock for half a cent I’d have to do the same --

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Well, hopefully it won’t come to that. I’ll shut down every cat house in this city to keep your virtue safe.

Ellison doesn’t understand but Kelly smiles at Roosevelt’s veiled threat to their livelihood.

PAUL KELLY
That’s a noble ambition, sir, but this city has its appetites. When the fashion for reform passes New York will go back to being New York and you’ll be on the outside looking in.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
That’s never bothered me. I have
five beautiful children and a wife
I cherish. If New York has no need
of me I’ll spend my time with them.

He looks back down again and signs another document with a
flourish.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
You can give your statements to the
clerk on the way out, gentlemen.

Kelly stands there, waiting for his pen, but Roosevelt
pockets it without even looking at him.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Thank you for the pen, Mr. Kelly.

INT. SARA’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER’S - DAY.

Moore and Kreizler follow Sara into her office -- just as
Ellison and Kelly emerge from Roosevelt’s office.

PAUL KELLY
Well, if it isn’t one of the lovely
new ladies of the police
department.

He takes Sara’s hand and kisses it.

PAUL KELLY
It certainly is more enjoyable
getting summoned to headquarters
these days.

Sara pulls her hand away sharply as Ellison jabs his finger
at Moore.

BIFF ELLISON
I don’t want my name connected with
this business, scribbler.

Kreizler keeps his head down, but Kelly recognizes the
alienist, curious what he’s doing here.

SARA
This way...

INT. ROOSEVELT’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Roosevelt looks away from the rain splattered window as he
hears a knock on his door.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Come in!

Sara leads Moore and Kreizler into the office. Roosevelt’s face lights up at the sight of his old friend.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Lazlo!

If he’s feeling the strain of his argument with the gangsters he doesn’t show it, beaming.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Where the hell did you disappear last night?

KREIZLER

I didn’t want to get in your way –

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

If I didn’t know better I’d think you were avoiding me.

Even though he says it lightly there’s a hint of reproach. Moore looks on as he pumps Kreizler’s hand and claps him warmly on the back.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The only time I ever see you these days is at the opera and even then you take off before the interval. I’ve missed you, old friend.

He turns to Sara before Kreizler can respond.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Are those for me, young lady?

He grabs the documents from Sara, has a quick glance at them, then slaps them on his desk.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I almost forgot about you, Johnnie. Good morning.

MOORE

Good morning, T.R.

Roosevelt grins, still in perpetual motion.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Will you excuse me. I need to purge myself after dealing with those vampires.

He disappears into a washroom adjoining his office, leaving the door half open. Moore and Kreizler look embarrassed for Sara as they hear him relieving himself. She turns her back, a little awkwardly.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT O/S
Terrible business last night...

They hear him flush the toilet and start washing his hands.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT O/S
You’ve heard we made an arrest...

Kreizler pauses, then answers.

KREIZLER
Yes, I interviewed the suspect.

There’s silence in the washroom now. They hear the running water stop, then Roosevelt reappears, looking puzzled.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
On whose instructions?

KREIZLER
My own. He’s a murderer alright but he had nothing to do with Giorgio Santorelli’s death.

Moore watches his friends, sensing the atmosphere in the room change. Sara knows she should leave but doesn’t.

ROOSEVELT
You seem very sure of that.

KREIZLER
The Modus Operandi in both cases is too dissimilar. Stabbing a grown man in a frenzy and disembowelling a young boy are very different things.

Moore glances at Sara, wondering if the conversation is fit for her ears, but Roosevelt doesn’t seem to notice she’s there. He stares at Kreizler in quiet frustration, betraying a hint of previous disagreements.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I’ve read your books, Lazlo, and all the other alienists too. I’m not one of these people who dismisses your work as mumbo jumbo but I don’t think any of us can fully understand the workings of the criminal mind -

KREIZLER
I don’t disagree, but there are certain things we can deduce with confidence -- Wolff is not your man.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Forgive me, but I’d prefer to stick to the evidence -

KREIZLER
Behavior is evidence -

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Behavior is invisible. It’s speculation. Neither you or I saw what happened! Yes, he may have killed them in different ways but a man who takes another man’s life is capable of anything -

KREIZLER
The boy was split open from his sternum to his pubis. His entrails were displayed. How many times in your life have you seen that?!

Moore finally interrupts.

MOORE
Gentlemen, I think this may be a little indelicate...

He gestures to Sara. Roosevelt realizes she’s still there and dismisses her gently.

ROOSEVELT
Thank you, Sara, that will be all.

Sara glances at Moore irritably, then leaves the office, both Moore and Kreizler watching her go. As she closes the door Kreizler turns back to Roosevelt, more conciliatory now.
KREIZLER
Do you remember a case some three years ago, also involving the murder of children?

INT. SARA’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER’S – DAY.

Sara sits down at her desk, glancing at Roosevelt’s door. She’s left it slightly ajar but can’t hear clearly.

INT. ROOSEVELT’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS – DAY.

Roosevelt and Moore stare at Kreizler curiously, the rain pattering on the window.

KREIZLER
Benjamin and Sophia Zweig. Their bodies were discovered by chance...

As he stares out there’s a growl of thunder and we find ourselves in the torrential downpour, rain drumming on a huge metal container.

KREIZLER O/S
A water tower above a large tenement on Suffolk Street was struck by lightning...

EXT. FLASHBACK/ TENEMENT ROOF – NIGHT.

And now we glimpse distorted reflections in the metal surface -- FIREMEN clambering up the water tower.

KREIZLER O/S
I knew the family. They were Jews from Austria. The children were beautiful -- delicate features, enormous brown eyes...

As they reach the top of the water tower, the firemen slide open the cover.

KREIZLER O/S
Their throats had been cut to the bone. Their bodies were in an advanced state of decomposition...

Two tiny figures float face down in the murky water below.

KREIZLER O/S
I never saw anything more than the official reports but I did note one curious detail...
The firemen have climbed down into the tower now, lifting the children’s bodies out of the water.

KREIZLER O/S
Their eyes were gone...

INT. ROOSEVELT’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS – DAY.

Moore stares at Kreizler in silence, remembering Giorgio Santorelli’s gouged eyes.

ROOSEVELT
I’ve been hunting all my life. Hide and skin’s tough to get through so the first thing birds and scavengers go for are the eyes –

KREIZLER
That’s what I assumed until last night...

He holds Roosevelt’s gaze.

KREIZLER
As soon as I saw the condition of the boy, I made an examination of the ocular orbits of his skull. On the malar bone as well as the supraorbital ridge were a series of grooves, consistent with the cutting edge and point of a knife. In other words, his eyes were removed by the hand of a man...

Roosevelt is speechless now. Even Moore finds it hard to believe.

MOORE
But these murders were three years apart –

KREIZLER
There may be others we don’t know about.

The rain drums on the windows as the implication of what he’s saying sinks in. Kreizler turns back to Roosevelt.

KREIZLER
You should check your records for unsolved child murders. John can do the same at the Times.
Moore looks up in surprise but doesn’t protest.

KREIZLER
I’d also like to have the bodies of the Zweig children exhumed...

INT. SARA’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER’S - DAY.

Sara stares at Roosevelt’s door, then gathers some documents from her desk and gets up, heading over to a filing cabinet by the door. She opens the cabinet drawers, filing the documents, then very gently nudges the door open with her foot so she can hear.

ROOSEVELT O/S
...But it is still possible these similarities are just a terrible coincidence...

INT. ROOSEVELT’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS – DAY.

Kreizler replies gently, but can’t give Roosevelt the reassurance he wants.

KREIZLER
Whoever killed the boy spent a good deal of time with his corpse. Removing the kidney and spleen alone would have taken ten minutes, not to mention the eyes...

Moore looks away, appalled.

KREIZLER
He was - at the very least - comfortable with his work. More likely he enjoyed it. Lust murders are usually crimes of repetition. In my opinion he’s done this before and he’ll do it again...

There’s silence now, just the relentless patter of the rain.

INT. SARA’S OFFICE/ POLICE HEADQUARTER’S – DAY.

Sara looks up from her desk as Roosevelt accompanies Kreizler and Moore out of his office.

ROOSEVELT
Sara, could I have a word. There’s something I need you to do.
Sara nods, pretending to look puzzled, but Kreizler catches her eye and sees she’s clearly shaken by what she’s overheard.

ROOSEVELT
It’s been a pleasure, gentlemen!

Roosevelt makes a show of being his usual, ebullient self, shaking hands with his friends.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ MULBERRY STREET – DAY.

Moore and Kreizler emerge from the building. Despite the horrors they’ve been discussing the rain has stopped and the sunlight glitters on the wet paving stones.

KREIZLER
Is Miss Howard an only child?

Moore looks at him curiously.

MOORE
How did you know?

KREIZLER
She shakes hands like a gentleman. I assumed it was the result of having a father who doted on her like a son.

MOORE
(More dry than impressed)
Yes, she is an only child, and yes her father doted on her. He also taught her to be an expert marksman in case you get any ideas.

KREIZLER
Was there ever anything between you, John?

MOORE
You tell me -- you’re the clairvoyant.

Kreizler smiles, striding on.

KREIZLER
I’m only interested in your welfare.
MOORE
You mean now that I'm your assistant?

Kreizler chuckles at his ironic retort.

KREIZLER
How long will it take you to check the archives?

MOORE
Depends how far back you want me to go?

KREIZLER
Let's start with the last year.

INT. SHELVES/ ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES - DAY.

The deserted archives room looks like a vast library, rows of wooden racks stretching out as far as the eye can see. Moore heads down a dimly lit aisle, separating a long section of racks, back-copies of the New York Times from 1895 to 1896.

INT. ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES - DAY.

Sitting at a mahogany table covered in newspapers, Moore flicks through endless headlines --

Spanish atrocities in Cuba; Oscar Wilde sentenced to two years for gross indecency; JP Morgan rescues gold standard.

Interspersed with the headlines are advertisements -- Eau Mullion baldness cure; Cocaine toothache drops; Drink Coca Cola at soda fountains and carbonated bottles for only 5c.

The archive clock ticks away and time passes but Moore keeps searching -- Wife poisons mother-in-law; No clues in murder of artist, Max Eglau; Gang member's remains found in barrel.

Moore pushes aside another pile of newspapers when suddenly he hears a noise at the far end of the library. He gets up and peers down the dimly lit aisle but there's no-one there.

Looking uneasy, he sits back down and glances through more newspapers until he pauses at a final headline -- Theodore Roosevelt appointed police commissioner, vows to fight corruption. Underneath there's a caricature of Roosevelt's pugnacious face on the body of a bulldog.

Moore smiles to himself and gets up, finally giving up the search.
INT. ARCHIVES ROOM/ NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - EVENING.

Moore replaces the newspapers in their racks and heads back down the labyrinth of gloomy aisles. He turns a corner when suddenly he comes face to face with a startling figure --

He recoils but it’s only the elderly ARCHIVES KEEPER.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR) O/S
Forgive me, sir. I was just checking to see if you found what you were looking for?

MOORE
No, Mr. Briar, but it’s probably for the best.

Moore smiles politely, about to head off again.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
By the way, I wanted to congratulate you on that story you wrote about the building collapsing on Mott Street.

Moore can’t help feeling flattered. It’s the first words of praise he’s heard in months.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
It’s as good as anything Mr. Steffens or Riis have written, even Mr. Dickens.

MOORE
Thank you. It’s a pity they didn’t run it.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Well, that’s the way the newspaper business is going, everyone wants to read about Fifth Avenue gossip and nobody gives a damn about the slums unless it’s a lurid murder.

Moore smiles.

MOORE
Are you a socialist, Mr. Briar?

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Don’t tell anyone.

They both grin, a moment of kinship.
ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Anyway, I just wanted to tell you it was a fine piece of work and sooner or later it’ll see the light of day.

Moore nods gratefully.

MOORE
I appreciate that.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Good night, sir.

Moore watches the old man walk away when something suddenly strikes him.

MOORE
Mr. Briar?!

The archives keeper turns back.

MOORE
The stories the paper doesn’t print -- the ones they censor -- do you file those too?

The old man beams.

ARCHIVE KEEPER (BRIAR)
Only the ones I approve of. Over there on those shelves.

He points to another huge maze of shelves stacked with rows of cardboard boxes.

INT. STUDY/ KREIZLER’S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET – EVENING.

An emerald green serpent wraps itself around the body of a deer carved from onyx.

Moore flicks his cigarette ash in the beautiful ashtray, his eyes fixed on Kreizler.

His friend is reading a censored article Moore retrieved from the archives.

MOORE
Three paragraphs down. It mentions a boy called Aaron Morton who disappeared from “Shang Draper’s”. The article was censored because it implied he was a male prostitute.
Kreizler’s eyes move down the page, then he gets up excitedly.

MOORE
Where are you going?

KREIZLER
To telephone Roosevelt.

He walks out of the room before Moore can ask him anything else. Moore stubs out his cigarette on the snake’s head and gets up.

The exotic room is hung with Renaissance paintings depicting macabre scenes from the bible -- Salome kissing John the Baptist’s severed head; Saint Anthony pierced with arrows; Christ gushing blood from his spear wound. A tray of chilled vodka and caviar sits on the table.

Moore walks past a Chinese screen carved with jade dragons and glances at the leather-bound tomes on Kreizler’s bookshelves -- Goethe’s Faust; Baudelaire’s Flowers of Evil; Huysmans’s Against Nature.

An aria from Tosca plays on a gramophone somewhere in the house while drunken voices echo from the street.

Among the many volumes on Kreizler’s shelves Moore sees a book by Kreizler himself -- Childhood and the criminal man.

From next door he can hear his friend speaking on the telephone but the opera drowns out whatever he’s saying.

Moore wanders over to Kreizler’s desk now. Sitting between a gold inkstand and an Egyptian statuette is a framed photograph of the 10 year old Kreizler with his parents. Moore picks up the photograph. The young Kreizler is a beautiful but melancholy looking boy, gazing at the camera.

Moore smiles at the image of his friend when the adult Kreizler strides back into the room, full of restless energy. He sits back down at the table, pours himself a glass of vodka and spreads some caviar on a piece of toast.

KREIZLER
Help yourself.

Moore sits down again but food is the last thing on his mind.

MOORE
What did he say?
KREIZLER
He’s going to send someone to check
the police report on the boy -- if
there is one.

Moore considers him quietly, looking troubled.

MOORE
If such a person really exists how
could he elude the law this long?

KREIZLER
It isn’t easy to find what you’re
not looking for. These people have
always existed, but in the shadows,
beyond our imagination. Even if the
police had taken an interest they’d
never begin to understand what
drives a killer like this.

He sounds almost admiring.

MOORE
Do you?

KREIZLER
He’s ahead of his time. We must be
the same if we’re to stop him.

Moore looks down, pouring himself a large glass of vodka, the
sounds of a distant argument echoing from the street outside.

MOORE
I became a crime reporter to expose
the evils of this city. No-one
needs to tell me how depraved it is
but what kind of nightmare could
drive a man to this.

KREIZLER
Don’t look for causes in the city.
The creature we’re seeking was
created long ago. Perhaps in
childhood -- certainly in infancy --
and not necessarily here.

MOORE
Then where do you even start?

Kreizler pauses, more sensitive to his friend’s turmoil now.
KREIZLER
We build a picture of an imaginary man, the kind of man who might commit a crime like this -- his age, background, appetites. We put ourselves in his place and try to see the world through his eyes...

His own eyes blaze in the firelight.

KREIZLER
Once we have an idea of our imaginary man there’s a chance we may find the real one.

MOORE
In a city of two million?

KREIZLER
You see that painting?

He points to a painting of the annunciation, the Archangel Gabriel kneeling before the Virgin Mary.

KREIZLER
Why does the artist paint the sky red instead of blue? Why place the angel on the left not the right? Every choice reveals something -

MOORE
Good God, man, you can’t compare the two -

KREIZLER
All we have is his work to go on. His art. He removed the flesh and the organs. He posed the body. And he left it out in the open for us to find.

MOORE
What the hell does that tell us?

Kreizler pauses.

KREIZLER
He’s challenging us.
INT. WAITING ROOM/ 14TH PRECINCT POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

Sara sits patiently in the drab waiting room of the 14th precinct police station, looking out of place among the LOW-LIFES who’ve settled in for the night.

A SERGEANT enters.

SERGEANT
Miss Howard?...

Sara stands up eagerly and the Sergeant takes a long patronising look at her.

SERGEANT
There’s no file on any Aaron Morton and the pickaninny ain’t here no more.

It takes Sara a moment to understand.

SARA
Another child?

The Sergeant smirks.

SERGEANT
I was told you were interested in boy whores.

Sara replies curtly.

SARA
No, but the Commissioner is.

The Sergeant looks a little thrown by her quiet authority.

SERGEANT
We don’t deal with his kind here. They took him to the nigger morgue on Bleeker.

Sara stares back at him, trying to contain her excitement.

INT. MORGUE/ BLEECKER STREET/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

Naked corpses are laid out all along the dark chamber, long blue flames rising from pin-pricks in their bodies to burn off the putrefying gases, a surreal and ghostly sight.

Sara covers her face with a handkerchief as she follows the MORTICIAN through the morgue.
MORTICIAN
I thought they’d set the dogs on him or he’d been lynched by a mob. He was ripped up so bad it’s hard to believe it was one man.

Sara stares at the bloated corpses all around her, their dark skin gleaming in the blue flames, their clothes hanging from pegs to identify them.

SARA
Why do you set them alight?

MORTICIAN
Can’t afford refrigeration. It’s the only way to get rid of the stench. Even then we can only keep ‘em a couple of days.

Up ahead, Sara sees the familiar powder flash of a camera.

SARA
And the photographs?

MORTICIAN
Three weeks.

They approach a PHOTOGRAPHER who’s taking pictures of a corpse.

MORTICIAN
Nate, the young lady here wants a word.

EXT. KREIZLER’S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

Kreizler accompanies Moore to the front door of his house, helping him with his hat and coat. Moore still looks troubled.

MOORE
I’ll do as you ask, Lazlo, but even if I don’t report the story someone else will.

KREIZLER
Then they’ll only scratch the surface.

He looks at his friend fondly, then reaches out and straightens the lapels of his jacket and smooths down the ruffles of his coat, making him look presentable.
KREIZLER
We must show our best face to the world. You can be sure our opponent will do the same.

INT. CARRIAGE/ ELEVATED TRAIN/ NEW YORK - NIGHT.

The elevated train rattles high above the streets, level with the upper floors of the tenement buildings.

Sara has a file open, studying the morgue photographs of the murdered black boy. Post-mortem stitching hides the terrible wounds to his throat and torso and cotton wool has been stuffed into the missing hollows of his eyes.

Sara looks away, sickened, only to find some LECHEROUS MEN grinning at her in the carriage.

EXT. KREIZLER’S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

Sara raps on the brass knocker of Kreizler’s house, still clutching the file.

A moment later, a uniformed maid, (MARY), answers the door. Sara is taken aback by how beautiful she is -- tall and graceful, with a bewitching face and pale blue eyes.

SARA
Good evening, I have something for Dr. Kreizler.

Mary holds out her hand for the file but doesn’t invite Sara in.

SARA
Is he here?

Mary considers her, then shakes her head. Sara looks a little puzzled by her silence and unfriendly gaze.

SARA
Will you please make sure he gets this. It’s very important.

Mary takes the file and shuts the door on her. Sara stands there, no idea what she’s done wrong.

INT. KREIZLER’S HOUSE/ EAST 17TH STREET - NIGHT.

We follow Mary now as she walks through the house. The sound of a piano drifts down as she heads up the marble staircase. She takes a look out of a window -- making sure Sara’s leaving -- then continues towards Kreizler’s study --
INT. CONTINUOUS/ STUDY/ KREIZLER’S HOUSE – EVENING.

Kreizler’s valet, Cyrus, sits at the piano, playing one of Chopin’s Nocturnes like a virtuoso. Mary continues past him towards Kreizler --

The alienist sits by the fire, his eyes closed in contemplation, lost in the music. As Mary approaches he opens his eyes, watching her quietly as she brings over the file.

EXT. THE BOWERY/ NEW YORK -- NIGHT.

Gaslight flickers all along the street, a large banner announcing “Dante’s New York Inferno”, the derelict storefronts turned into dime museums.

Drinking from a silver flask, Moore wanders through the crowded alleyway, the whole world looking more jaundiced after the horrors he’s heard.

He passes a grotesque collection of misshapen embryos, then a row of fake taxidermic chimeras -- monstrous hybrids of reptiles, birds and snakes.

At one of the stalls, an ALLIGATOR BOY and a HUMAN SKELETON share a cigarette on their tea break. Next door, a HUMAN PINCUSHION plunges daggers through his throat.

Moore approaches a STREET SALESMAN who sells exotic remedies in glass jars. The man grinds a blue scorpion in a copper bowl, pouring the venom and juice in a jar. Moore hands him a dollar and buys one of his bizarre concoctions.

INT. SARA’S TOWN HOUSE/ UPPER EAST SIDE/ NEW YORK – NIGHT.

Sara enters a grand old house with a magnificent staircase covered in portraits of her ancestors. A BUTLER and MAID are there to greet her as if she’s the lady of the house.

BUTLER
Good evening, Miss Howard.

SARA
Good evening, Annie. Good evening, Jack.

INT. BEDROOM/ SARA’S TOWN HOUSE/ UPPER EAST SIDE – NIGHT.

Sara sits at her desk and cuts open a small parcel with a paper knife. Inside are two books -- Memoirs of a great detective by John William Murray and A history of the Whitechapel murders by Richard Fox. She turns up the flame on her desk lamp and starts to read --
EXT. ROOSEVELT’S HOUSE/ MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT.

Warm light spills out of the elegant doorway of Roosevelt’s Madison Avenue townhouse. From inside we hear the sound of children’s laughter, then see Roosevelt stumble out in his hat and coat with two of his children, KERMIT, 6, and ETHEL, 4, clinging onto his arms and legs to stop him leaving.

ROOSEVELT
I’ll be five minutes, I promise,
then I’ll read you ‘Horatio on the bridge’!

KERMIT
Grab his knees, Ethel!

ROOSEVELT
Come on now, get back inside, it’s freezing!
(Calling out)
Edith, help!

Roosevelt’s wife, EDITH, appears now, summoning her children with far more authority than her husband.

EDITH
Come inside right now or I shall get cross!

Roosevelt finally liberates himself from his children and heads down to the sidewalk where Kreizler is waiting by a street lamp. Kreizler waves goodbye to Edith Roosevelt.

KREIZLER
Good night, Edith.

EDITH
Good night, Lazlo.

She waves back and disappears into the house with her children.

ROOSEVELT
You should have come in. She’s very fond of you.

KREIZLER
You have a beautiful family. I didn’t want to bring this into your home.

Roosevelt nods gratefully.
ROOSEVELT
That’s one thing I’ll say about
this awful business -- it makes me
realize how truly blessed I am.

They start to walk down the brightly lit avenue, past the
luxurious department stores and the lavish town houses.

ROOSEVELT
Were the wounds the same?

KREIZLER
Not as extreme but otherwise
identical.

Roosevelt takes this in, still finding it hard to fathom the
evil they’re dealing with.

ROOSEVELT
I know we haven’t always seen eye
to eye, but I shall need your
counsel.

KREIZLER
And I may need you to have a word
with Moore’s editors. I’ll require
him full time over the coming days.

Roosevelt looks at him in surprise, realizing what he’s
saying.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I don’t mean to sound ungrateful,
but I’ve already made an enemy of
every senior officer on the force.
If word gets out I’ve turned to an
Alienist they’ll laugh me out of
office -

KREIZLER
I’m aware of that. What I have in
mind is a separate investigation
carried out in absolute secrecy.
I’ll need two or three detectives --
men loyal to you -- and someone to
act as a liaison with your office.
Give me a team of motivated, like-
 minded people and I believe there’s
a chance we can succeed.

Roosevelt considers the request quietly.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Do you think it’s a good idea to involve Johnnie?

KREIZLER
He’s promised not to write a word until we say so.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
I meant his state of mind. I suspect he’s far more affected by the break-up than he lets on...

Kreizler smiles gently as he talks about their friend.

KREIZLER
Perhaps, but there’s nothing like a broken heart to help a man find his sense of purpose.

EXT. GRAVEYARD – DAWN.

A sharp thud as metal digs into earth. Cyrus tosses away the loose soil with his shovel and continues digging. Young Stevie Taggart, the boy who drove Moore to the bridge, is helping him, digging up a second grave.

The sound of wild dogs echoes in the dawn light as Kreizler looks on. He’s still dressed in his immaculate black suit, looking like the grim reaper among the endless gravestones. He glances up at the sky as the snow begins to fall.

EXT. KREIZLER INSTITUTE/ EAST BROADWAY – DAY.

It’s snowing harder now, huge flakes drifting down to the busy street below. Moore weaves his way through the traffic, approaching a red brick building with a sign that says, “The Kreizler Institute For Children”.

Cyrus is washing Kreizler’s carriage, chatting to Stevie.

MOORE
Morning, Cyrus! Morning, Stevie!

They both acknowledge him with a brief nod as he sweeps into the building.

INT. HALLWAY/ STAIRS/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE – DAY.

Moore enters a scene of utter chaos. CHILDREN bound down the stairs, their hapless PARENTS in pursuit. A CHUBBY BOY with malevolent eyes glowers at Moore as they pass on the steps –
Startled, Moore looks at the boy’s MOTHER but she simply shrugs her shoulders, following her son down the stairs.

INT. WAITING ROOM/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Moore raps on the door of Kreizler’s consulting room and when there’s no answer he strides in --

INT. KREIZLER’S CONSULTING ROOM/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

To Moore’s surprise he finds himself staring at young girl of 12, (BERTHE), who writhes on an examination table, howling and baring her teeth at him like a wounded animal. Kreizler tries to calm her down and keep her still while her MOTHER looks on in anguish.

KREIZLER
It’s alright, Berthe, no-one’s going to hurt you.

BERTHE’S MOTHER
You see, Doctor, she’s like this always, like a devil!

Moore’s about to retreat when Kreizler sees him and gestures for him to stay. He looks down at his patient gently.

KREIZLER
Berthe, I need you to roll onto your back. I know it hurts.

The girl’s howling turns to frightened sobbing now as Kreizler helps her onto her back. He examines her legs and sees deep red blotches on her thighs.

KREIZLER
What treatments has she had so far?

BERTHE’S MOTHER
The priest says she’s too young to become a woman. He says she needs ice baths and leeches to stop the bleeding.

Kreizler frowns at her ignorance, realizing the red marks are leech bites. Moore looks on, sensing his friend’s frustration.
KREIZLER
I’m going to rub some ointment on your legs. It may sting but you’ll feel better...

He rubs some ointment on his palms, removes Berthe’s hands from between her legs, and applies the balm to her bites.

BERTHE’S MOTHER
She touches herself, Doctor. I can’t tell the priest -

KREIZLER
Your daughter is not possessed, Mrs Rajk, nor does this have anything to do with her masturbating! The ice baths and leeching are causing her terrible pain -

BERTHE’S MOTHER
It’s her head, Doctor -

KREIZLER
There is nothing wrong with her head!

He loses patience but stays focussed on the girl, carefully applying the ointment to her bites.

KREIZLER
She is a woman, Mrs Rajk, and there is nothing you or your priest can do to stop that. It is time for her to bleed.

He looks back at the whimpering Berthe, treating her more like an adult than her mother.

KREIZLER
You’re a very brave young lady, Berthe, and you’ll get better soon, I promise.

INT. CORRIDOR/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE – DAY.

Moore follows Kreizler out of his office now, struggling to keep up with him.

KREIZLER
Your friend, Miss Howard, found a new victim.
Moore stares after him in surprise, not sure he’s heard right.

KREIZLER
A Liberian boy who worked at the Black and Tan. His body was discovered on the Brooklyn bridge three weeks ago.

Moore slows down but Kreizler continues down the stairs.

KREIZLER
We’ve had good news too -- reinforcements.

EXT. INTERIOR COURTYARD/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

The snow has settled in the institute’s inner courtyard, the sound of children’s laughter echoing all around. Kreizler and Moore walk out into the middle of a fierce snowball fight --

BOYS and GIRLS in uniform, resident patients of the Kreizler Institute, start throwing snowballs at them with joyful glee. Moore tries to cover up, but Kreizler enters in the spirit of the game, hurling back snowballs of his own.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

The children’s happy cries can still be heard outside as Kreizler leads Moore into a long whitewashed cellar heated by a hissing gas boiler.

Cabinets with glass doors run along each wall, containing animal organs in jars of formaldehyde. Above them, Moore sees plaster casts of human and simian heads, their skulls partly removed to reveal the structure of their brains.

Feeling queasy, Moore looks away and sees two men standing in the middle of the operating theatre. They’re both wearing three-piece suits and bow ties, carrying medical bags. One is tall and handsome, (LUCIUS ISAACSON); the other is shorter, with a fleshy face beaded with sweat, (MARCUS ISAACSON).

Kreizler greets them with a warm smile.

KREIZLER
Gentlemen, I’m Dr. Kreizler. I hope you haven’t been waiting long.

The softly-spoken Marcus answers first.
MARCUS ISAACSON
Not at all, Doctor. I’m Sergeant Marcus Isaacson and this is my brother Lucius.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Please don’t do that again.

What?

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Introduce me as your brother.

The pugnacious Lucius extends a plump hand.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Detective Sergeant Lucius Isaacson.

Kreizler shakes his hand, amused by their sibling spat.

KREIZLER
Allow me to introduce my friend, John Schuyler Moore.

Lucius makes sure he shakes Moore’s hand first, squeezing it in a vice-like grip. Marcus’s handshake is friendlier, his manner calm and serene.

KREIZLER
Commissioner Roosevelt speaks very highly of your talents. I’m particularly interested in your expertise in criminal science and forensic medicine.

MARCUS ISAACSON
I wouldn’t call it expertise. Our parents wanted us to be doctors. It didn’t work out but the training came in useful. Detective Sergeant Isaacson specializes in tissue damage while I believe bones to be a more reliable witness.

From Lucius’s expression this is clearly another source of tension between them. Moore looks a little distracted, detecting an unpleasant smell from somewhere in the room.

KREIZLER
I imagine your modern methods don’t make you popular with the rest of the force?
LUCIUS ISAACSON
No, sir, that and the fact we’re Jews.

It’s as if he’s laying his cards on the table. Kreizler regards him with a gentle smile.

KREIZLER
Your background makes no difference to me. Have you seen the bodies?

Moore looks at his friend in confusion now, not sure he’s understood.

MARCUS ISAACSON
We were waiting for you.

Marcus looks over to a corner of the room and for the first time Moore sees the two steel examining beds lying side by side. Two sterile sheets cover two small shapes underneath.

Moore feels the blood drain from his face as he realizes what they are.

Kreizler leads the Isaacson’s towards the examination beds.

KREIZLER
Benjamin and Sofia Zweig. Their bodies were discovered -

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Three years ago. In a water tower on Suffolk Street. The case is still officially open.

Moore stares at the tiny forms beneath the sheets in dismay.

With professional detachment, Kreizler pulls the sheets off the corpses.

Two small skeletons, one draped in a decaying black suit, the other in a tattered white dress, lie on the beds. Some of their bones are still connected, others have come apart, placed together in some kind of approximation.

Tears of shock well up in Moore’s eyes.

Kreizler and the Isaacson’s walk around the remains, holding in whatever emotions they feel, the sound of their footsteps and the hissing boiler the only noise in the room.
KREIZLER
No doubt, you’ve heard about the Santorelli murder, gentlemen?

MARCUS ISAACSON
Only rumors, sir.

KREIZLER
The boy’s throat was cut from left to right. There were deep lacerations to his chest and abdomen. One hand was severed and some of his organs removed.

Moore looks pale, the sound of the boiler hissing in his ears.

MARCUS ISAACSON
If you’re looking for similarities there’s only so much we can tell from bodies in this state of decomposition.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
We’ll do our best, Doctor.

Lucius’s interruption has nothing to do with putting his brother down this time. He’s simply determined to put right this awful wrong.

KREIZLER
How long will you need?

LUCIUS ISAACSON
The rest of the day should be enough.

KREIZLER
I’ll be at Delmonico’s at eleven-thirty. Meet me there and I can offer you an excellent supper.

Moore looks at his friend incredulously, appalled that he can think about food at a time like this.

EXT. KREIZLER INSTITUTE/ BROADWAY - DAY.

The falling snow outside is a relief. Moore breathes in the cold air, slowly recovering.
KREIZLER
They’re certainly eccentric but I have a feeling they know what they’re doing.

MOORE
Why didn’t you mention the eyes?

KREIZLER
I’m curious to see what they discover for themselves -- a test if you like. Are you alright, John?

MOORE
I’ve been better.

Kreizler smiles, leading him to his carriage.

KREIZLER
Well, I hope you’ll recover by tonight.

MOORE
(Still disapproving)
Delmonico’s?

KREIZLER
The opera first. Maurel is singing Rigoletto.

Moore shakes his head at his incorrigible friend.

MOORE
Who’s singing the hunchback’s daughter?

KREIZLER
My God, Moore, I should like to get the particulars of your infancy someday -- you really are depraved.

MOORE
I only asked who was singing the hunchback’s daughter.

KREIZLER
Frances Saville, she of the legs as you put it.

MOORE
Well, in that case...
Kreizler laughs, calling out to Cyrus who’s standing by the calash on his own now.

KREIZLER
Cyrus, could you please take Mr. Moore home before he steals some poor girl’s virtue!

He opens the carriage door for his friend when suddenly they’re struck by a horrible smell.

Kreizler looks down, then stops, gazing at the floor of the carriage.

A balled-up, blood-soaked white rag lies near the seat.

Moore watches in confusion as Kreizler reaches inside and picks it up. As he unfolds the rag he sees there’s some blood stained paper inside, and a tiny lump of flesh, like a slice of kidney or liver.

He studies it quietly then turns to Cyrus.

KREIZLER
Did you leave the carriage at any point?

CYRUS
Yes sir, just now.

Kreizler suddenly strides over to the edge of the sidewalk, gazing out at the crowded street...

The traffic is slow and busy, LABORERS shovelling snow...

Moore joins Kreizler, not sure what they’re looking for. The pedestrians flow back and forth, hundreds of them, but Kreizler’s eyes search with careful precision...

The heavy snow obscures the sidewalk opposite -- everyone and everything in constant motion -- except for a SOLITARY FIGURE who has his back to them, gazing at a shop window...

Kreizler stares curiously at the tall figure. It takes him a moment to realize the figure is watching him too -- observing him in the reflection of the shop window...

The figure seems to sense Kreizler’s attention, turning slowly...

Moore follows his friend’s gaze and sees it too -- but the snow is so thick it’s hard to tell if it’s a man or a woman, a ghost or a living thing...
For a moment everything is silent, Kreizler’s eyes fixed on his prey, then suddenly he dashes out into the street --

The noise floods back, the roar of horns and voices --

Moore hurries after Kreizler, dodging past vehicles and people --

The thunder of a passing horse-car forces Kreizler to stop for an instant and he loses sight of his quarry --

When he sees the figure again, it’s on the move, vanishing down a side-street --

Kreizler runs now, Moore chasing after him --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Scissors, saws, drills and probes glitter on a tray. Marcus Isaacson takes a measuring device and examines the fractures at the top of Benjamin Zweig’s skull.

His brother, Lucius, is examining Sophia Zweig’s neck bones, scraping away some dirt with a scalpel.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
The coroner’s report says she died from knife wounds to her throat but there’s extensive damage to the Hyoid bone.

Marcus looks over curiously.

MARCUS ISAACSON
Why would he strangle her then cut her throat?

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Blood lust. Or else he wanted to drain her blood before he mutilated her.

EXT. SIDE-STREET OFF EAST BROADWAY - DAY.

The snow blows in thick gusts. Up ahead, Kreizler sees the ghostly figure vanish around another corner and gives chase --

As Moore sprints after them he sees FAMILIES huddled under blankets on fire-escapes; URCHINS warming themselves around steam gratings; WOMEN on rooftops unpegging garments from their clotheslines --
INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Marcus Isaacson stares through a magnifying glass at the eye-holes in Benjamin Zweig’s skull.

MARCUS ISAACSON
Can you pass me some wax?

He takes a piece of soft wax from his brother and gently presses it into the bone ridges above where the boy’s eyes used to be. As he removes the wax he sees some tiny marks. He looks through the magnifying glass again, noticing more of the distinctive notches all the way along the malar bone.

MARCUS ISAACSON
Sonofabitch cut his eyes out with a knife.

EXT. OUTER COURTYARD/ TENEMENT BUILDINGS - DAY.

Kreizler arrives in a litter strewn courtyard. He looks all around the tenement buildings but there’s no sign of the mysterious figure.

Catching his breath, he enters a narrow passageway with a rotting wooden roof, the entrance to the maze of tunnel-like back alleys that lead from the outer to the inner tenements --

INT. PASSAGEWAY/ TENEMENT BUILDINGS - DAY.

It’s dark as a cave inside the passageway, the only light coming from cracks in the rotting roof. Kreizler hears Moore shouting behind him.

MOORE O/S
Lazlo?!

KREIZLER
Over here!

Moore catches up with him, out of breath.

MOORE
Have we lost him?

Kreizler puts his finger to his lips, hushing him, listening for the slightest sound.

There’s nothing but silence.

Kreizler walks on, signalling for Moore to keep a slight distance. As he listens again he thinks he hears quiet breathing coming from somewhere up ahead.
He follows the sound cautiously, arriving at a cross-roads in the passageway.

Snow falls lightly through a hole in the roof, the only source of light.

Kreizler signals to Moore to stay back, then heads down one of the side passages.

Moore watches his outline fading gradually in the dark. He takes a few steps to keep him in his sights, when suddenly he hears a noise and catches a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye --

He ducks just as a thick wooden plank comes flying out of the darkness, catching him a glancing blow on the side of the head. The impact sends him crashing to the floor --

His ears ringing, he hears footsteps running away and another set of footsteps running towards him.

KREIZLER
(Kneeling beside him)
Are you alright?

Moore nods, blood trickling down his face. Kreizler examines his wound in what little light there is, then gets up again.

KREIZLER
Stay here.

Before Moore can protest, Kreizler runs off in the same direction the attacker's footsteps disappeared.

Groaning in pain, Moore picks himself up with difficulty and follows --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

A flash of light. Marcus Isaacson lines up his camera, taking photographs of the knife marks around Benjamin Zweig's eye-holes.

Lucius is examining the tiny bones of Sophia Zweig's fingers, almost as if he's holding her hand to comfort her. The powder flash of his brother's camera lights up the examination bed when suddenly he notices something.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
Marcus...

He stares quietly at the girl's left hand. There's a tiny rust colored stain on her thumbnail...dried blood --
EXT. STREET UNDER THE ELEVATED TRAIN LINE - DAY.

The roar of the elevated train thundering overhead resounds in Moore’s head, disorienting him as he arrives in the open air. He looks around the underpass with its criss-crossing rails until he spots Kreizler running into a covered market --

INT. COVERED MEAT MARKET - DAY.

Huge ribs of beef and headless carcasses hang from meat hooks. Peering through them, Kreizler catches another glimpse of the ghostly figure disappearing up ahead.

Moore arrives, almost skidding on the blood stained sawdust. All around him, BUTCHERS are sawing bones and carving thick slabs of meat. OFFAL DRESSERS scoop out kidneys, hearts and intestines while the drainage grooves run with blood --

INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Lucius studies the blood-stain on the tip of Sophia Zweig’s thumbnail with a magnifying glass, noticing a faint mark.

LUCIUS ISAACSON
I need a stronger lens.

EXT. SQUARE/ CHINATOWN - DAY.

Moore emerges from the market into an almost deserted square.

It’s as if he’s been transported to a different world. The snow is still falling but all the storefront signs and billboards are in Chinese.

Kreizler stands by a telegraph pole plastered with red and yellow scraps of paper fluttering in the wind. He casts his eyes around the square, searching for his prey...

Prayer ribbons flutter outside the ‘Joss House’ temple...

The grates outside a Chinese restaurant billow with steam...

But there’s no sign of the figure...

Moore examines the footsteps in the snow, but there are too many of them, leading off in different directions.

Kreizler stares off now, watching an OLD CHINESE MAN who is carrying crates back into his grocery store.
INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.

Lucius saws the tiny thumb-bone from the rest of Sophia Zweig’s hand, his brother looking on.

EXT. GROCERY STORE/ SQUARE/ CHINATOWN - DAY.

The grocery store window is full of incongruous goods -- tea services, dried shark fins, and a collection of paper kites painted like dragons.

Kreizler approaches the old Chinese man.

KREIZLER
Excuse me, sir.

The old man looks over, still clutching a heavy crate.

KREIZLER
Have you seen someone running?...Running?...

Realizing the man speaks no English, Kreizler gestures with his hands, indicating someone running away.

Moore watches as the old man lowers his crate, gazing back at them. He gestures with his own hands now, shaking them gently in a rising motion.

When they don’t understand, the old man points to his store window.

Moore and Kreizler look over and realize he’s pointing at the paper kites.

The kites’ dragon faces are painted with terrifying expressions and sharp teeth, their wings spread wide.

The old man points to the sky now, as if to say their prey has flown away.

Moore and Kreizler stare in silence, the snow falling all around as the old man heads back inside.

Kreizler digs into his pocket and takes out the gruesome rag with the lump of flesh, examining the blood-stained piece of paper that came with it.

MOORE
What is it?
Kreizler studies the printed words on the scrap of paper. At the top of the torn page there’s a title and the name of an author...

*Childhood and the criminal man, by Dr. Lazlo Kreizler*...

It’s a page from Kreizler’s own book.

**INT. OPERATING THEATRE/ KREIZLER INSTITUTE - DAY.**

Lucius puts his eye to the microscope, recognizing the distinctive loops, arches and swirls on the red smear of blood...

*A fingerprint.*

CUT TO BLACK